

Old and New Year

by Mary Graham Bonner

WELL, well, well," said the Old Year, "it is so nice to see you, New Year. I congratulate you, and as the good people say, I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Thank you, thank you," said the New Year, in a sweet young voice. "I have great respect for you, Old Year. You have been so wise and so good. You have done so much that is fine. Now, how I shall be I do not know at all. I feel so uncertain of myself."

"Oh, you'll get over that," said the Old Year; "you are a little nervous now, but you will be all right in no time at all."

"Why, I remember last January—my very first month of all—I was all over my nervousness before the month was over."

"Were you, indeed?" said the New Year. "Well, that is most encouraging to hear."

"Yes," said the Old Year, "one gets over one's nervousness very quickly when one is a year. I don't know how it is with people, but I know how it is with a year."

"Of course, I suppose a person might need more than a few weeks to get over nervousness, but then a person is about so much longer than a year. After all, a year isn't so long."

"Where are you going now?" asked the New Year.

"Why, don't you know?" the Old Year asked.

"I've never been told," said the New Year. "You see, I have lots to learn. I'm so young," and the New Year sighed a little.

"Oh, you mustn't sigh," said the Old Year. "It's so beautiful a thing to be young, and strong, and new, and brisk."



Of course, too, it is especially nice for a year, because so much is learned in advance, as it were.

"You don't have to begin and learn everything over again, as though you were the first year that had ever been. And people help you so much, too. They go on just as they were going on before, and try to keep you from feeling sensitive and shy."

"People make it so easy for you. You'll discover that."

"But you were asking me where I was going, so I must tell you."

"I would so much love to know," said the New Year.

"I am going," said the Old Year, "to the Beautiful Valley of Memories. Oh, they tell me it is so wonderful a place, and because it is so beautiful

no one minds growing older or anything of that sort.

"That is why I am not sad and why I can greet you so gayly and so cheerfully."

"The Beautiful Valley of Memories has ever so many living there. Of course, all the old years are there, and what good times they do have comparing notes."

"Then they have hurried visitors from away, too. You will notice from time to time how people will remember some lovely thing that happened some time ago."

"It is then that we receive hurried visits from these people, so hurried, sometimes, they scarcely realize they have come to visit us as they're so quickly off again."

"But they are with us long enough to know how beautiful is this Valley of Memories."

"You can't imagine how lovely it is until you have been there. I was



given just a little look at it today, and you see already I talk as though I were an old inhabitant."

"There are houses there, and they are so sweet and so pretty, with lovely flower gardens filled with favorite flowers. All our flowers have wonderful memories. There are forget-me-nots in one bed, because they are the favorite flowers of one who has so many memories about them."

"The trees are favorites. There are favorite pines. And there are all sorts of lovely things there."

"Oh, the Old Year is not sad to leave, for the Old Year is going to have so good a time. And you have no idea how our valley is loved. Everywhere around it is known and many people know of it, though they do not know just where it is."

"The Beautiful Valley of Memories," they say, "oh, it seems to me I know of that. Didn't I spend a part of my childhood there? It sounds so very familiar. I am sure I spent happy days there once."

"So, New Year, I wish you well. It's a splendid world, and you'll meet ever so many fine men and women and boys and girls."

"Good-by, and the best of luck."

The Old Year was gone, and everyone was shouting "Happy New Year," and the New Year felt especially happy to think that the Old Year, too, would be happy!

BEGAN NEW YEAR MARCH 25

March 25 was the usual New Year among most Christian peoples in early medieval days, but in Anglo-Saxon Europe December 21, was New Year day. William the Conqueror, ordered the observance on January 1, at the time of the German conquest, but later England, with the rest of Christendom, began her new year on March 25.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR

The adoption of the Gregorian calendar, in 1582, restored January 1 as New Year day and this was accepted by all Roman Catholic countries at once; by Germany, Denmark and Sweden about 1720 and England in 1751.

house and president pro tem of the senate.

In explaining why the next legislature has nothing to offer the farmer, Hirth declared that the legislature of 1921 enacted a sufficient legislative program for the farmers, particularly the laws opening the grain exchanges and the stockyards to farmers' organizations.

Speaking of appropriations for the university and state schools, Hirth said he favored ample financial support for them all.

The 60-million dollar road law, which as a purported leader of the "dirt road" advocates, Hirth opposed at the special session of the legislature in 1921, needs virtually no changes, he said. He explained that the routes of the state roads have been designated, and should not be tampered with. But he added he might oppose the issuance of any more road bonds. His reason is that the bonds require too much interest. But he showed his unfamiliarity with the way the state highway commis-

sion and the fund commission are selling the road bonds, so as to mature a few years after issue, reducing to a minimum the interest to be paid on them.

One of the big fights before the next legislature probably will be an attempt to amend the road law so that larger installments of bonds may be sold—probably 10 million dollars, each year. The law now permits the sale of 10 million this year, and only six million each succeeding year. The result is that construction work may be slowed up next year because the commission will only have a limited amount of money available.

EVERY TOWN AND CITY HAS—

A liar.
Gossip shops.
A smart aleck.
A blatherskite.
Its richest man.
Some pretty girls.
A girl that giggles.
A weather prophet.
A neighborhood feud.
A woman that tattles.
A justice of the peace.
A man who knows it all.
One Jacksonian Democrat.
More loafers than it needs.
Men who see every dog fight.
A boy who cuts up in church.
A few meddlesome old women.
A dog law that is not enforced.
A few that know how to run the affairs of the county.
A grown young man who laughs every time he says anything.
A woman that goes to the post-office every time the mail comes in.
A legion of smart alecks who can tell the editor how to run his paper.
Scores of men with the caboose of their trousers worn smooth as glass.
A man who grins when he talks and laughs out loud after he has said something.—Fayette Advertiser.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

The Mother's Favorite

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and effective cures have made it a favorite with people everywhere. It is especially pries by mothers of young children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief and is free from opium and other harmful drugs.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE storm-wind sank, the moon rode high.
Set round with silver haze,
Where, late, sky-spaces wonderful
Showed green as chrysopeas.

Within the old gray church anon
The gathered folk would sit;
I met the old year on the hill,
And bade farewell to it.

The woods around stood stark and dim,
But at my feet white birds
Fluttered, the wraiths of kindly dead
And sweet, remembered words.

Above me, from Orion's belt,
A great gem flashed and fell;
Was it a seraph prince sped by,
Michael, or Gabriel?

Then, though my lonely heart must mourn
For some that come no more,
White sails of Hope I seemed to see
Set to a sapphire shore.

As he who dreamed a New World sailed
From Palos with his caravels
Lured by a mystery.

So, under flaming Asian skies,
Or by the still, white Pole,
That Great Adventure, the New Year,
Beacons the human soul.

—L. M. Little in Boston Herald.



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Pulling the Throttle

By Christopher G. Hazard

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IT is the custom of a certain railway engineer to have his boy with him now and then in the engine cab. The youngster states that he has "ringed the bell and blown the whistle," but that he has not yet "pulled the throttle."

This seems to be the matter with a good many older ones of the present generation, and it may explain their lack of progress. They have rung the bell and they have blown the whistle, but they have neglected to open the throttle.

That invisible force that is in us all responds wonderfully when we call upon it, but it is only a useless and dimming energy until we do. Bell and whistle may advertise that we have steam up, but they cannot get us along. They may both be active while we are really slowing up, like the train that approaches a stop.

The station may be a permanence for us when we could go a good deal farther, we may arrive at a dead line in life while yet young, because we have shut the throttle instead of opening it, turned off steam instead of turning it on.

There never was more chance for progress than this New Year is offering. Never before did opportunity beckon more earnestly. Never was talent so much in demand, never was capacity so much needed. Never was ability so largely rewarded. Great positions wait for those who can fill them. Ambition may plan. Aspiration may hope.

But I wouldn't want a fast young man on my road. I wouldn't have a loud young woman in my office. Cigarettes shut off steam. The call is not for noise, but for efficiency! I can watch a young man's smoke when that is about all there is of him. I can hear a belle ring when I would prefer to have her busy!

PROGRESSIVE PROSPERITY

By

CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

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AS WE look into the immediate future and greet a New Year there is one figure that we want to see upon the field of history, the figure of prosperity. It may be that we think that we do see it while we are really gazing upon a mirage. Hope always tells a flattering tale and is ready to be the father of thoughts. Imagination is akin to faith, but requires no real basis. If our optimistic outlook is warranted it is so because we can believe in a prosperity that is to be real because it will be the product and the possession of us all.

Civilization is the sum of co-operative intelligence. All the capital in the world could not mine coal without miners, and all the miners in the world could not do it without capital. Idle wealth has proved no more than accumulated uselessness in eastern countries; men have starved to death in the midst of vast but unappreciated natural resources. While the employment of money and the wise direction of labor have given to the West its immense advantages of social and economic riches and well being.

Russia is perishing under the incubus of a stagnant communism that takes away the incentives of progress, banishes leadership, lives upon past accumulations while they last, and starves afterwards. The interchange of abilities is cut off, the social circulation of necessary differences in people is arrested, the rewards of a genius for affairs are withheld, production is ended and prosperity lynched. It is like a vast body wherein there is no circulation of social life blood.

America has thriven and must thrive upon the largest encouragement of individualism that a true collectivism admits of. When the crew cannot navigate the ship there is no advantage in killing the captain. It isn't necessary to have tyranny in order to have a captain, but society and business must have leaders and governors, and there cannot be two captains on any ship.

After all, men hardly expect to pass for more than they are worth. The real kick in our democracy is against false differences. Ours is the land of a fair chance. It is the home of opportunity. No crust keeps merit down. In an interchange of values every one here has had and must have a chance to make the most of himself.

In doing this he will need and use his fellows. No one ever succeeded yet in being great or prosperous as a hermit. We climb up upon each other. It takes us all to make and to keep civilization. A man owes himself and his fortune to society in a very large degree. Are we not all members of a great and wealthy body politic, wherein no one can live to himself or die without loss to the rest?

Let a dozen men, each man owing his neighbor five dollars, sit in a circle. Let one of these take a five-dollar bill from his pocket and pay his debt to the man next to him. Let this man pay his neighbor and the next man pay his until the bill shall have gone round the circle and returned to the man who started it on its round. This man may return the bill to his pocket with the happy consciousness that he has paid his debt and also received what was due him, and that every other man in the group has the same satisfaction. But if the first man had not started the bill going there would have been no such results. He would then have illustrated Russia, instead of America.

The secret of civilization is the circulation of ability. It is the secret of prosperity. Let every man circulate his worth to society, so shall there be a true communism, also a true capitalism. There is a conundrum which asks why one should prefer a dollar bill to a gold dollar. The answer is, "Because, when you put it into your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases." Prosperity progresses as we pass on what we are and have.

A TIMELY RESOLUTION

"Ralph," said his father, "what good resolutions are you going to make for the new year?"

"I'm not going to fight with Frank Ross any more," replied Ralph.

"I'm glad to hear that, my boy," said his father; "but why did you make that resolution?"

"Cause," was the answer, "I always get licked."

COMES AND GOES

The record shows that the old year goes out and the new year comes in regardless of who is looking, so you might as well get your usual sleep.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Customs and Their Origin; Happenings of Long Ago.

All Peoples Have Ways of Amusing Themselves on Special Occasions and at Fixed Seasons.

AN OLD philosopher, who was none the less a philosopher for his constant and close observation of men, remarked that we can best judge men's temperament and ideals by watching them at their work and at their play. A keen observer would have very little difficulty in judging Americans by their work. One such has aptly called this country "The Land of the Strenuous Life." Even our sports partake so much of this strenuousness that the medical profession is beginning to warn us of overindulgence in the more violent forms of athletics.

But all peoples have ways of amusing themselves on special occasions and at fixed seasons after a manner so well established that it has come to be regarded a kind of ritual, says the New York Herald. This has come down to us from the ages when our forebears first pushed their way out of the dry tablelands of civilization. Even the mighty power of the churches has not been able to brush aside some practices that have their roots deep in paganism.

Old Customs That Continue.

Probably after Halloween, and Christmas there is no festival of the year so glib about with long-established customs as New Year's day. Among the best known of these are the auguries drawn from what was called the "Candlemas bull." In Scotland and other northern countries the term Candlemas, given to this season of the year, is supposed to have had its origin in religious ceremonies performed by candle light. The candles used were very large and highly ornamented, and were brought in at the midnight hour to the assembled guests, who, since the falling of dusk, had been drinking freely of the wassail bowl. Then, in procession, they marched out into the night, and to their imaginations the passing clouds assumed the shape of a bull. From the rise and fall and general motions of these clouds the seer foretold good or bad weather. "Sometimes, too, auguries for the future were gathered from the state of the atmosphere on New Year's Eve, as also from the force and character of the wind.

In the imagination of most primitive peoples, especially those of the North, who were forced to battle against the elements of nature for life and sustenance, the eyes of great feasts were considered occasions when the spirits of good and evil were in deadly conflict. The moment of midnight on New Year's Eve was always considered a time of special activity for the spirits of evil. In order to overcome them holier and more powerful influences had to be invoked. The evil spirits, or genii, as can be gathered from the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon folklores, and even from words in their dialect, could be overcome by an appeal to the good genii, the hohmen, or hillmen.

Probably imported from Italy was the superstition that on New Year's Eve the "evil eye" was all the more malignant. Then, too, there was a widespread practice of the "setting of mete or dryke by nights on the benches to fede Allhoide or Gobyln." In some of the dialogues of the famous medieval morality play, "Dives and Pauper," we find mention of this and many other New Year's customs intended to counteract the activities of the forces of evil.

Christmas Cheer Continued.

Perhaps what contributed most to this general fear of sinists, "fences was the deep drinking among the people, which continued almost uninterruptedly from Christmas until New Year's day. Up to the Ninth century, except in the Syrian and Coptic churches, New Year's was not celebrated as a special feast day, but was looked upon as merely the octave of Christmas. Therefore the Christmas cheer was continued throughout the entire octave without abatement. It flickered up for the last time on New Year's day, as is clear from the one hundred and ninety-eighth sermon of Augustine, bishop of Hippo.

In England on New Year's Eve the young women went about carrying the "wassail bowl" and singing from door to door certain verses—a custom which had much in common with the hogmanay practice in Scotland. Het plat, the strange brew which in that country was carried about in the streets at midnight, was composed of ale, spirits, sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon. It was a powerful potion, the effects of which were almost immediately evident. Ritson in a collection of ancient songs gives us a few sung to the quaffings of this "prince of liquors, old or new." One such is:

A jolly wassail bowl,
A wassail of good ale,
Well fare the butter's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Out jolly wassail!

Notwithstanding the opposition which it has met since the year 1811, when many abuses were discovered in the practice, the custom of hurrying first across the threshold of his sweetheart's house has been practiced by many a young lad in Anglo-Saxon countries. The young lady listened attentively from the time the midnight bells ceased to ring to catch the first footfall on the floor.

The welfare of the family, particularly the "latter portion of it," was supposed to depend upon the character of the first comer after the midnight

THERE IS ONLY ONE 'KICKER'

If you tell a man you are going to save him 60% to 100% on his gasoline, he will say that you are crazy. Therefore, we only guarantee to save you 25%—which in itself will pay for your automobile in a short while. BUT—on many tests the KICKER has more than doubled the mileage.

J. W. Taylor

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

EVE'S TOMB.

Eve the mother of the human race, is buried, according to an old legend, at a spot about a mile north of Jeddah in Arabia.

Her reputed tomb is of enormous length, being nearly four hundred feet long by ten broad. It is now in the possession of the Mohammedans, who do not permit many Christians to enter it.

The human race must have altered much since the world was created, for according to tradition, Eve was reputed to 118 feet high.

What a good thing for Adam there were no dressmakers bills in those days, or he would have found clothing his spouse a costly matter.

Adam is said to be buried in Ceylon, but Eve spent the last years of her life at Jeddah. At Mecca there is a very old temple, which is supposed to have been built by Adam himself.—Paris Appeal.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

A little more kindness,
A little less greed,
A little more giving,
A little less greed,
A little more smiling,
A little less frown,
A little less kicking,
A man when he's down,
A little more "we,"
A little less "I,"
A little more laughter,
A little less cry,
A little more flowers,
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves,
Which mark the end of the strife.
—Detroit Free Press.

hour had sounded. Great care was taken to exclude all improper persons, especially as the midnight intruder enjoyed the privilege of imprinting a "beauty kiss" on the lips of the expectant lassie.

Bestowing Gifts.

The custom of bestowing gifts has become so inextricably linked with the New Year's celebrations in Paris that New Year's day is still called the Jour d'Estrennes. This custom seems to have had its rise in the conduct of the nobles of the late Middle Ages, who were in the habit of bestowing gifts upon their sovereign. Naturally the ruler, not wishing to remain under obligations to them, returned the gift in a princely fashion. In England, however, especially in the time of Queen Elizabeth, this custom became so burdensome that it occasioned general protest among the nobles. "Good Queen Bess" was not slow to indicate just what kind of gifts she expected, or rather exacted. She let it be known also what consequences would follow the withholding of the jewels and the silks which she looked for at the hands of her subjects. She was so niggardly in her own gifts that we can understand how the custom fell into disuse and in the time of George IV was abandoned.

The giving of gifts was also very common among the people. On Christmas, and often on St. Stephen's day, employers, parents and masters presented Christmas boxes to their dependents. It was a form of Christmas charity. On New Year's day, however, gifts were exchanged between friends and acquaintances as a sign of good will. This custom, perhaps, had its origin in the box which was taken aboard every vessel that sailed out of port during the octave of Christmas and which was not to be opened until the return of the vessel. Contributions were to be dropped into this box, large or small, according as the day had been propitious or otherwise. The person to whom the contents of the box were given was supposed to have a mass said for the mariners who had made the gift. Hence the name of "Christmas boxes," which were given up to and including New Year's day. Each one of these days became known as "boxing day."

JANUARY FIRST DRAWS NEAR.

The light and airy manner
He had some weeks ago,
Has passed from him completely.
His heart is filled with woe,
For that day is approaching
His great distress to see,
When friend White will remind him
Of promises that he
Has made—these resolutions
That will be hard to keep,
Requiring such an effort
I would make an angel weep.

WILLIAM HIRTH AGAINST STATE FARM BLOC

The Missouri farmers must look to congress, not the next Missouri legislature, for relief from their economic ills, according to William Hirth, head of the Missouri Farmers' Association.

Farm blocs in the next legislature? No. Legislation for farmers as a class?

No. "Broadly speaking," said Mr. Hirth, "this is everybody's country. I am opposed to class groups, and legislation designed merely to help a certain few."

Hirth declared that his organization, if it desired, could control more than half the members of the next house of representatives. He added that he would have nothing to do with organizing a farm bloc, and that certain persons "are running things in the ground." He said, however, his organization might take an interest in the selection of speaker of the next

WHAT AN AMERICAN IS.

In a recent issue of a Yiddish paper which goes into the homes of 30,000 Jews in New York City, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise asks and answers the question: "What is an American?" thus:

"Let me answer the question by answering yet another—what Americanism is not. Americanism is not a matter of birth and ancestry, for the American is self-made not born. Americanism, being ever in the making, is of present content and not of ancient context; is not a birthright privilege but a lifelong responsibility.

"America is not a place, not a region, not a locality; America is an atmosphere, an ideal, a vision as yet unfilled.

"No man is an American who does not place America first, before himself. He must serve America; America must not serve him.

"He is no American who cherishes prejudices, whether these be social, or racial, or religious. All this is only another way of saying that an American is a conscious, vigilant, fraternal, unwearied creator of America who scorns the notion that America bears a charmed life, and that democracy, even though it be of the American brand, guarantees the automatic solution of its own problems.

"Not America for Americans, but Americans for America, and America for the world.

"As an ideal held out to the immigrant from a land of persecution to a land of freedom and opportunity, this is on inspiring ideal. It might with great profit be held out to a great many Americans who have not yet acquired an adequate conception of just what America and Americanism means."—By Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.